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THE
Grand Mistake:

OR,

All Men Happy if they Please.

SHEWING,

- I. How Beggars may be as Happy as Kings.
- II. The Sick as Easie as the Sound.
- III. The Barren Woman as Contented as
the Fruitful.

By the Author of The Pleasures of a single Life.



L O N D O N,

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T H E Grand Mistake, &c.

VAIN restless Man, Insatiate in Desire,
 Why this *Poor* State dispise, that *Rich* admire,
 Since Heav'ns regard, in spight of Fortunes Frowns,
 Extends *alike* to Cottages and Crowns?
 What *Real Comforts* are by *KINGS* ingroft,
 But still the meanest Slave as Great may boast?
 If *Pow'r* and *Plenty* are the Joys assign'd,
 Each *BEGGAR* an Equivolent may find,
 And ballance both with a *Contented Mind*.
 A *Peaceful Soul* can bless the lowest State,
 And turn the very sharpest edge of Fate.
 The *Highest Bliss* the greatest *Prince* can know
 Is free to ev'ry *Clown* that Toiles below.
 { *Content's* the Supream Blessing of the Mind,
 And that, alike, is free to all Mankind.

The *Gandy-Pomp* that does on Monarchs wait,
 And makes them seem as Happy as they're Great,
 Is nothing but a Vain External shew,
 Projected to deceive the common view:

They

~~They Rule in Fear, their Slaves with Joy Obey,~~
~~And in their turns are Bless'd as well as they.~~

Masters, by Servants Magnifie their Pow'r,
 And in their Numbers think themselves secure;
 Believe the Useless Grandeur they Possess,
 Makes Life more easie and their Cares the less:
 But by the Wise no Servile Trains desir'd,
 They think themselves most Safe when most Retir'd.
 Shun Noisy Pomp, Abhorring to be Gay,
 And place their Happiness a diff'rent way.
 But the Proud Man does in his Slaves delight,
 And by his Fawning Crowds attracts our Sight;
 But all his Joys are Dreams, and when awake
 He by Experience finds his Grand Mistake.
 Alas! The pleasing End is quite destroy'd,
 He does but Hire those Plagues he would Avoid;
 And what in Vulgar Eyes denotes him Great,
 Is but a Curse Intail'd on his Estate,
 To disappoint those Hopes, those Joys molest,
 With which the Rich would fain Alone be Blest.
 But PROVIDENCE, that Universal Friend,
 That to All Stations does its Care extend.
 By Inward Peace can sooth the meanest State,
 Turn to our Comfort the severest Fate,
 And make the Poor as Happy as the Great.

Content! The Labour of the *Ploughman* Crowns,
 The *Rich* are more expos'd to Fortunes Frowns;
 And do a Thousand *Plagues* and *Torments* find
 That cannot reach the *Peasants* Humble Mind.
 The *Pomp* that does on Men of *Title* wait,
 Is not so much their *Choice* as 'tis their *Fate*.
 The things in which *we think* they Happy are,
 Is not the Great Man's *Comfort* but his *Care*.
 For he, who *Cressus* like, can Riches boast
 Sufficient to maintain a Warlike Host,
 Would soon be Injur'd and Oppress'd by Stealth
 Without an Army to defend his Wealth;
 And when thus safe, his Legions but devour
 What their Proud Master hires them to secure;
 Who finds his Income Small, tho' his Bounds Great,
 His Troops and Servants eat up his Estate,
 They're all Contracted Part'ners in his Store,
 For *Pay* they *Cringe*, *Fight*, *Flatter* and *Adore*;
 And if their Ruler fails to use 'em well,
 What makes them *Serve*, will tempt them to *Rebel*;
 Thus the Great Man is mis'rably Mised,
 Who thinks by Servants to be Happy made,
 Num'rous Attendance but Invade our Peace,
 Vex us with Faults, and Triumph o'er our Ease:
 { *Content* depends not upon *Humane Aid*,
 But is from Heav'n, by secret means, Convey'd.
 'Tis a kind Ray of the *Eternal Love*,
 That has its Object no where but Above.

God is the only Fountain Good Men find,
Of all the Joys that truly Bless the Mind.

But still, perhaps, you may Object and say,
The Mighty Prince that does an Army Sway,
Is Blest above those Legions that Obey.

The Figure that he makes, Proclaims him so,
He Rides Aloft, the other Cringe Below.

These would be Powerful Arguments, 'tis true,
Did *Happiness* consist in outward shew;
But since we all, by *Just Experience*, find
Content is only seated in the Mind,
We must not Judge from his *External State*,
That therefore he's more *Happy*, but more *Great* :
Tho' he Commands, Rewards, Dislikes, Approves,
And Glitt'ring Pomp surrounds him as he moves,
Fears, Cares, and Sorrows may his Mind Depress,
Beneath the Standard of *Terrestrial Happiness*.
The *Ambitious Eagle* often takes Delight,
To Soar beyond the reach of *Humane Sight*;
Yet *Providence* the like regard does show,
To each small Bird that Chirping sits below;
So *Mercenary Slaves* that Fight for Pay,
Conquer for Plunder, and for Bread Obey.
Possess those Blessings to the Great unknown,
That make their Painful Lives go smoothly down:

Kings

Kings are but Joyful when their Arms Succeed,
 So also are the *Servile Troops* they lead;
Fortune to both doth equal Comfort give,
 And both alike at their *Misfortunes* grieve.
 Thus *Providence* keeps all things in a poise,
 All Stations have their Fears, their Cares and Joys.
 But then say you much happier are the Host,
 That Won the Field, than those the Battle Lost.

A *Gross Mistake*; the Slain to rest are fled,
 No *Perturbations* can afflict the Dead.
 The *Wounded* boast the Honour of their Scars,
 Pleas'd they've surviv'd the dangers of the Wars,
 And make their Joy for their *Escape* as great
 As their glad Foes who gave them a Defeat;
 Whilst those *Unhurt*, rejoyce as well as they,
 That they have sav'd their *Limbs*, tho' lost the Day.

The *Greedy Victors*, when the Battle's done,
 Disdain what they with so much hazard won,
 And are as much concern'd as those they beat,
 Because their *Vict'ry* was not more compleat.
 Thus Miser-like, that pines amidst his Store,
 Th' enjoy not what they have, for craving more;
 Tho' *Prosp'rous*, yet they make their Blessings less,
 By their *Pride*, *Avarice*, and *Unthankfulness*.
 Whilst those beneath an *Adverse Fortune* find,
 Some *Heav'nly Impulse* that delights the Mind;

And

And yields their *Abject State* that *Peaceful Joy*,
 Which Pow'r cannot Command, or Riches Buy.
 Much Care attends where e'er much Wealth is sent,
 But in the *Rural Cell* dwells sweet *Content*;
 Many possess *too much* to be at Rest,
 But no Man has *too little* to be Blest.
 The *Grecian Gen'ral*, who the World subdu'd,
 With *Greedy Eyes* its narrow *Confines* view'd,
 Thought the whole Universe a Prize too small,
 And wept he could not Conquer more than *All*:
 Whilst the *poor Cinick*, from the World exempt,
 Gaz'd on the *Monarchs Greatness* with Contempt;
 Scoff'd at his *Pride*, tho' to a *Tub* confin'd,
 And with *Content* Enrich'd his *Nobler Mind*.
 Nero upon the *Throne* found little Rest,
 Whilst *Epiſtetus* in his *Hut* was Blest.
 Pleas'd with his *Lamp*, he Coveted no more,
 But was in Mind (tho' in Condition Poor)
 Rich without *Wealth*, and Safe without a *Door*.
 Thus *Laz'rus* may in *Abraham's Bosom* dwell,
 When the *Rich Glutton* feels the Pangs of Hell.

Power and *Wealth* Charm the mistaken Breast,
 Who thinks those two can Lull the Mind to rest;
 Tow'rd these we look with an *Ambitious Eye*,
 At these *Deceitful Lures* the Vulgar fly;
 Believing, if so Blest, they cannot Chuse,
 But find that Happy Peace the Soul pursues;

Yet

Yet when alas! they're painfully aspir'd,
 To th' Lofty Station they so much desir'd,
 They find their Pleasures still perplex'd with Pain,
 And by *Experience* prove their hopes but vain;
 Wanting the *Heav'nly Guide* they loose their way,
 And from the *Happy Path* they look for stray:
 Thus move dissatisfi'd from *Sphere* to *Sphere*,
 Still wandering on in search the Lord knows where;
 Missing the *Blessing* Here, they hope to find it There.
 These Disappointments make Mankind aspire,
 When their Aim's lost they think the Mark still higher;
 But yet as we to lofty Stations soar,
 We find our selves as distant as before.
 So the *Ambitious Eagle* mounts at Noon,
 On her strong Pinions to o'ertake the Sun;
 But at length finding she no Ground can gain,
 And that her painful Flight is but in vain,
 She perches on some lofty *Rock* or *Beech*,
 And views with wonder what she could not reach.

Ambition doth the Eye of *Reason* Blind,
 And is the Grand Disturber of the *Mind*;
 It spurs us forward to be still more *Great*,
 But with fresh views disquiets ev'ry *State*;
 All Men are born upon her *Restless Wings*,
Beggars would fain be *Lords*, and *Lords* be *Kings*.
Kings not Contented with the Pow'r they've got,
 Still struggle to be Greater than they ought:
 Hazard their Crowns to compass what they crave,
 And by *Successful Force* the World Enslave;
 Yet when they've waded thro' whole Seas of *Blood*,
 To gain the Vicious End they long pursu'd;

Fatigu'd and tir'd they give their *Conquests* o'er,
 And find themselves *less Happy* than before.
 For what we stile their *Glory* 's but their *Guilt*,
 And *Conscience* blushes at the *Blood* they've spilt;
 Thus all the *Fading Lawrels* they have won,
 Are Stain'd and Mottl'd with the *Ills* they've done.
 Besides, ———

Tho' their *Power*'s great, and their *Dominions* large,
 The greater is their *Care*, the more their *Charge*;
 For none such *Arbitrary Sway* can boast,
 But still has *Plagues* proportion'd to his Post;
 The *Highest Monarch* that supports a Crown,
 Teas'd with the *Troubles* that attends a Throne,
 Must think his Subjects *Ease* Superiour to his own.
 Thus he that *Governs* will confess, and say,
 'Tis harder much to *Rule*, than to *Obey*.
 The *Servile Crowd* submit with equal pain,
 And think their Rulers are the *Happy Men*;
 Thus for each other they the Cause decide,
 Both are *Deceiv'd*, and both *Dissatisfi'd*.
 But would they think their Stations *Heav'n's Decree*,
 And make their *Fortunes* and their *Choice* agree,
 Both by *Content* might Charm their Minds to Rest,
 And in their several Spheres alike be *Blest*;
 But if both covet more than they enjoy,
 Both do alike their *Happiness* destroy.
 What tho' we're Destin'd to an *Humble State*,
 Must we be Curs'd, because we can't be *Great*?
 Must we lament for want of *Riches*? No,
 From *Folly*, not from *Fate*, we *Wretched* grow;
 'Tis nothing but our *Pride* that makes us low.
 Why do we then at our mean *Fortunes* pine,
Content is not *Terrestial*, but *Divine*.

Kings to their *Sorrow*, may their *Wealth* employ,
 Whilst *Beggars* may receive an *Alms* with *Joy*;
 Comforts from *Earth* our *Bodies* only find,
 But *Heav'nly Thoughts* sustain the *Peaceful Mind*;
 Sweet *Contemplation* is the *Fare* it needs,
 And true *Content* the *Offspring* that it breeds.

From outward Objects that deceive the Eyes,
 Mistakes of our *Felicities* arise,
 Who thinks anothers *Happiness* is shown
 In *Vain External Pomp*, confounds his own.
 Suppose the *Slave* compares his *Humble State*,
 To his who is *Profusely Rich* and *Great*;
 He finds the *External Difference* is large,
 But is quite thoughtless of his *Care* and *Charge*.
 Harbours from thence, this *Notion* in his *Breast*,
 That t'other's *Happy*, and himself *Unblest*.
 Mistaken *Fool*! His very *Care* to keep
 His large *Possessions*, oft disturbs his *Sleep*;
 His *Labours* to *Improve*, *Repair*, to *Let*,
 And Arms himself against the *Worlds Deceit*;
Sign Leases, *Dun*, *Sue*, *Cavil* and *Receive*,
 Are equal to the *Pains* thou tak'st to *Live*;
 Neglects of *Servants* does his *Peace* molest,
 And *Dreams of Robbing* interrupt his *Rest*.
 Whilst *Rural Clowns* by *Providence* are freed
 From all the *Fears* and *Cares* that *Riches* breed;
 Few *Dangers* do they dread, few *Sorrows* know,
 But *Reap* with *Joy*, the *Fertile Lands* they *Sow*,
 When *Hungry*, to some *Neighbouring Hedge* *Repair*,
 And from their *Bags* *Refresh* with *Wholesome Fare*;

When

When their *Works* o'er, Feed heartily at Night,
 And hug their *Leathern Bottles* with *Delight*.
 VVhen *Drowsie*, to their *Cock-Lofts* they ascend,
 Between *Course Hemp*, their *Weary Limbs* extend :
 With *Peaceful Minds* their *Sleepy Eyes* they close,
 Have nothing to disturb their *Sweet Repose*,
 But truly relish all kind *Providence* bestows.
 Thus may *poor Slaves* be happy if they please,
 Tho' the *Limbs Toil*, the *Mind* may be at ease.

But how (say you) can those that *Sickness* feel,
 Pertake of *Equal Comforts* with the *Well*;
 Pain must the *Body Wrack*, and *Mind Confound*,
 And make the *Sick* less Happy than the *Sound*;

'Tis all *Mistake*; in this we grossly Err,
 And Judge but as things outwardly appear.
 Tho' the *Weak Body* Languid looks and Pale,
 The *Mind* may still be Permanent and Hail;
 And please the Body with a *Transient View*;
 Of *Blessings* which in *Health* it never knew.
 Sweet *Contemplation* does to *Sickmen* show,
 The Vanity of all our Joys below ;
 Lifts up our Thoughts to that All-giving Pow'r,
 That yields us Comfort in the Painful'st Hour;
 Delights the busie Soul's *Extensive Sight*,
 VVith pleasing Glances of *Eternal Light* ;
 VVeans us from VVorldly Pleasures by degrees,
 And by *Repentance* sets the Mind at Ease;
 Gives us assurance of a Happy State,
 And makes us with a smile Embrace our Fate.

These

These are the Blessings which the *Sick* obtain,
 From Heav'n's kind Hand t' extenuate their Pain;
 Who when we're most *Distress'd*, does oft reveal
 Those Comforts, that in *Health* we seldom feel:
 From hence the *Wise* have to the World confest,
 The State they've dreaded most, has prov'd the best;
 And that the things they've pray'd for have appear'd
 More hurtful, when obtain'd, than those they fear'd;
 The *Rich* and *Healthy* by their *Vices* show,
 They fix their *Erring Minds* on things below.
 In *Transitory Joys* too much delight,
 To be so truly *Happy* as they might.
 With *Honour*, *Pow'r* and *Wealth* disturb their Rest,
 And are too *Great* to be compleatly *Blest*;
 But the *Distrest* look upwards for Relief,
 And by *Celestial Transports* ease their Grief;
 Move *Divine Mercy* with an *Humble Voice*,
 And make *Good Heav'n* the Center of their *Joys*:
External Blessings Kings have *Pow'r* to give,
 But *sweet Content* we from Above receive.
 A Blessing that the *Prosperous* least can boast,
 Because the *Sick* and *Needy* seek it most;
 And *Heav'n* has promis'd the *Obsequious Mind*,
 That seeks with *Diligence*, shan't fail to find.
 Thus does *kind Providence*, by means unseen,
 Give to the *Humble Wretch* most Ease within;
 Comfort the *Righteous Soul* in ev'ry State,
 And arms his *Breast* against the *sharpest Fate*.

Make *Heav'n* our Object, *Piety* our Care,
 And Man unmov'd may all Conditions bear;
 But if we fail to steer our *Minds* aright,
 No Station can administer Delight;

D

Each

Each *Worldly Disappointment* gives us Pain,
And *Crosses* make us Grumble and Complain.

If we by *Nature's* Compass steer our Course,
And put upon our Minds no *Heav'nly Force*,
The *best Condition* would afford small Joy,
Meer Chance would our *Tranquility* destroy;
The Fate of things would *true Content* exclude,
And make us change with each *Vicissitude*.
Then in no Station should we Happy be,
Or pass one Day from *Grief* and *Anguish* free;
But Toil for *Wealth*, yet find in all degrees,
Much greater *Cares* to Vex, than *Joys* to Please.
The *Temp'ral Pleasures* we so much admire,
Are quick of growth, and do so soon expire,
That ev'ry Man must by *Experience* find,
That as they Fade they leave *Remorse* behind;
All the *Felicities* of *Humane State*
Have Stings that do their *Joyful Force* abate.
As Sorrows, tho' Profuse, soon find Relief,
From Counter Passions that assuage our Grief.
Thus Joy and *Sadness* mutually succeed,
In Minds that are not from their Passions freed.
Who ever the violence of the former feels,
Soon finds the latter pressing on its Heels;
Thus he that *Laughs* to Day, to *Morrow Mourns*,
And all alike are Happy in their Turns.
For *Fortune's* Smiles and Frowns reach all Degrees,
All have their *Cares* to Vex, and *Joys* to Please;
The common Crowd who do their Lusts Obey,
Whose Souls are stifled in their *Lumpish Clay*;
They're always in *Extreams* of *Love* or *Hate*,
And Plague themselves with *Fends* themselves Create.

Their

Their Peace with *Brutish Enmity* prevent,
 And let their *Ease* depend on Accident.
 One Party's pleas'd to see another Mad,
 The sufferings of some make others glad;
 Thus half the *Fools* are Merry for a while,
 And when they're vex'd, 'tis t'others turn to Smile;
 But he that is for *Happiness* design'd,
 Must bear all Chances with a *steddy Mind*;
 At no *Terrestrial Evils* be deprest,
 But strive to make *Bad Fortunes* prove the best,
 And never change, except to be more Blest.

The *Barren Womb* of her hard Fate complains,
 And *Blamless Nature* of the Cause Arraigns;
 Pines that her *Nuptial Joys* produce no Birth,
 And thinks a Child the *Heav'nly'st Gift* on Earth;
 Disturbs her Peace she Hourly might enjoy,
 And will not be content without a Boy;
 Would she but change her Mind, and think she's freed
 From those *Sick Qualms* which *Generation* breed;
 That her cold *Womb* does her weak *Nerves* defend,
 From the sharp Pains that ev'ry Birth attend;
 That she's exempt from the Maternal Care,
 Which helpless Infants bring, and Parents bear.
 That when she's Old, she still remains secure,
 From their *Ingrateful Slights*, when grown Mature;
 That no *Wild Profligate, Unthankful Breed*,
 Can drown her *Aged Eyes* in Tears they shed;
 Or with *Base Usage* turn her Love to Hate,
 And make her Curse the *Womb* that bore the Brat.
 Would she but muse on Cares from which she's free,
 How Happy without Children might she be?

Think

Think but of what sh' enjoys, not what she wants,
And she would find small Cause for her Complaints.

Suppose our *Nuptial Hopes* and *Joys* are Crown'd,
And with a Numerous Issue we abound;
If they Unlucky prove, we *Sigh* and *Moan*,
And make each Childs Unhappiness our own;
Reprove in *Passion*, and in *Rage* Correct,
And think their Faults are from our own Neglect,
For all their *Evil Deeds* and *Follies* Mourn,
And grieve the *Wicked Offspring* e'er was Born.

If thro' *Good Discipline* they 'bedient prove,
And do within the Bounds of *Vertue* move;
Then over Care their Parents Ease betrays,
And does our *Love* to *Painful Fondness* raise;
That our own Quiet Daily we Impede,
Deny our selves the very things we need,
To scrape up *Fortunes* for our *Hopeful Breed*.
Resign Profusely, when the *Darling* craves,
And when we're Old, become our Childrens Slaves.
Would *Fruitless Wives* but think of things like these,
Tho' *Barren*, still their Minds would be at Ease;
Right Meditations would their *Grief* prevent,
And Wisely teach them to no more Lament
Their *Frigid Wombs*, but Bless their Happy Fate,
That frees them from the Pains and Cares that wait
On those that Labour in a *Fruitful State*.

F I N I S.